

Philadelphia, Oct. 13. 1848.

Dear Sir.



34 Pardon me for taking the liberty of addressing you through these few lines.

I have never seen your person; but your name is familiar to me. You have suffered much for the freedom of the colored man, and I have no doubt, but what your generous heart must feel for those who have come through such like persecution.

I have seen my case in your paper, and it is blazing—not only in the northern papers, but also in the Southern, and I hope that it will keep blazing till it has awoken the whole nation. I came here a few weeks ago. I was drove from the place I had made my home, and all my friends, to seek shelter among strangers, and I may say they have been strangers, for I have been received in a very cold manner, by the pretended friends of freedom. The persecution that I received in the South, has not affected me, nor hurt my feelings so much, as the heartless reception I have received, and truly I was very sick after the manner in which I had been treated by the slaveholder, but my feelings have been wounded deeper since I came on here. I have been preaching in some of their churches, but that is all I have done. Tom, Dick and Harry have taken hold of this business, that it's not worth 6 cents. If I could have dared, to return to my friends, I should not have asked a favour from no man, nor sect of men, because it's beneath my dignity, and standing, to cringe, or ever ask a favour from any. No, the noble sentences, of the immortal Burns have inspired my soul with freedom, and has told me, that an honest man is the noblest work of God, my only desire is to breath such language

into the corrupted, narrow souls ~~and~~ of men, whose feelings have been seared as with a red hot iron. whose hearts have become callous to the cry of humanity. Shall I go back to where I have come from, and tell them, that I will be silent upon the subject for ever? and ask them to forgive me for what I have said? and that I shall take up the bible, and tell them that it teaches slavery? and that the slave in the south is better off, than the negro in the north, and that the abolitionists are all humbugs, and a parcel of imposters? I ask you, how do you think that I would be received by the kind hearted citizens? Why, Sir. I should have more honors heaped upon me, by the sons and daughters of those sunny climes, than all the honors that the freeman, and sons and daughters of Africa, could bestow: I say I have almost been persuaded to go back? But I ask you the question shall I go back? I answer no, I care not though the anti-slavery men, should rise with the ~~so~~ ^{thirteen} people against me: no those things would never silence me, I am determined to wage war against all oppression, and even ungodly practice of men. And if God spare my life, ~~my~~ the sound of my voice shall ring through their ears, like the voice of an ~~thousand~~ ^{thousand} of old. I seek not to persecute neither have I any hatred against those who treated ill. no, I would forgive them, and I have forgiven them. but that is not the question, it is the freedom of the colored man. I have been on the rice plantations. I have lived on the cotton plantation, and the scenes of those poor wretches

appear in my mind every day. I should like
to go ~~to~~ to the Island of Jamaica to preach to the
colored people there. as I think the climate
would suit me better, as I am accustomed
to live in a war climate. How do you
think I can get there? I will leave that to you kind
abolitionists, for I suppose you are better at working
those kind of problems than I am. I don't know
as I shall come and see ^{you}, if you should write
me, for I have fallen out with every person, and
even my own self. that I am like the Apostle
Paul. beside myself. But suffer me to go on
a while in my folly, and may that follow redound
to the glory of God, and the freedom of the poor slave
I want to get a church - have you any to spare where
you are, let me know - and if there be none, I shall
be as happy and contented as if there had been
a dozen. However I should like to see you, and
when you see me, you will see a generous ^{heart}
Scotchman, with not a mean vain in all his
body, nor an unhuman nerve in his soul
whose mind glows with the raptures of genius
crushed by oppression. I have said ⁱⁿ my heart that
I had wings like a dove, then should I fly away and
be at rest, from all the turmoils of this unfriendly world
But shall persecution separate us from the love of
Christ. No, neither powers that be, nor power to come,
shall ever quench the fire of humanity that has been
kindled in our breasts. Excuse my manner of
writing, as I ^{am} low in spirits, and excited in mind.
if you have any good news to tell me, write. for I need
all the comfort that I can get, I am yours Truly
Robert Edmond.

closed PAID
Mr. Wm Garrison
Editor of the Liberator

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Boston Mass

[Signature]

